To the WORSHIPFUL

JOHN NEWCOME, Esq; MAYOR,

The ALDERMEN, BAILIFFS, BURGESSES,

AND THE REST OF THE

Worthy INHABITANTS of the Town of NORTHAMPTON,

This Yearly BILL of MORTALITY

Is preſented by their moſt Obedient and Humble Servant,

Richard Claridge.

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Pariſh of *All-Saints*, in the Town of *Northampton*, from the 21ſt Day of *December* 1774, to the 21ſt Day of *December* 1775; inclusive of the Perſons (in Number 6) buried from the *County-Infirmary*; and alſo thoſe buried at the *Quakers* Burying-Ground 2; the Meeting in *College-Lane* 8; the Meeting on the *Green* 1.

DISEASES.

Abortive and Stilborn	7	Convulſions -	5	Dropſy -	4	Hæmoptoe - -	1	Palſey - -	0
Aged - -	10	Conſumptions -	28	Drowned - -	1	Inflammation -	2	Small-Pox -	1
Apoplexy - -	2	Chincough -	3	Fevers - -	8	Lethargy - -	1	Suddenly - -	1
Aſthma - -	2	Childbed - -	1	Fiſtula - -	0	Lunacy - -	2	Teeth - -	1
Abſceſs - -	1	Croop - -	1	Fits - -	11	Meaſles - -	1	Thruſh - -	1

WHEREOF HAVE DIED,

Under Two Years old	33	Ten and Twenty -	2	Forty and Fifty -	5	Seventy and Eighty -	7
Between Two and Five	4	Twenty and Thirty -	8	Fifty and Sixty -	9	Eighty and Ninety -	2
Five and Ten -	7	Thirty and Forty -	5	Sixty and Seventy -	5	Ninety and an Hundred	1

	CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
	Males	Females	*Total.*	Males	Females	*Total.*
ALL-SAINTS. - -	44	51	95	49	40	89
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	12	22	34	15	29	44
St. GILES'S. - -	14	9	23	15	17	32
St. PETER'S. - -	3	11	14	5	7	12
At the Meeting in St. *Peter*'s Pariſh - - -				6	1	7
In the whole Town.	73	93	166	90	94	184
	Decreaſed - - 16			Increaſed - - 29		

DEATH: *An irregular* ODE.

Miſta Senum ac Juvenum denſantur Funera. HOR.

CALL from the Lyre a mournful Sound,
In Concert to the Groans around---
Hark! how the Wretches pant for breath,
As tho' they felt the Step of DEATH---
Ah! HE it is that ſtalks along the Ground.
Ten thouſand hungry Meſſengers appear,
To take Deſtruction here and there;
And ah! how eagerly they wait
To catch the Nod of Fate! [fly!
There went the Nod---how quick, how quick they
Now mark on whom they deal their Miſery.
Obſerve that Form that leaves the Throng,
And moves with meaſur'd Step deliberate along:
With Eyes that mourn their Loſs of Fire,
And backward from the World retire;
And Cheeks, with Health once ſwell'd ſo high!
Now down in length'ning Vallies lie;
Lips that have worn their Colour out,
And ſloven Locks that hang about:
With ſhort'ning Breath,
And folded Arms, that hug the Death:
While Earth beneath puts on a Frown,
And pulls the yielding Body down.
CONSUMPTION there, alas! hath ſeiz'd his Prey;
And ſteals, unſeen, the ling'ring Life away.

Follow that Scream---another Death is there;
And Cries---too near Deſpair.
Ah! ſee---the frantic Mother ſtands,
With lifted Eyes and lifted Hands;
And loudly beats againſt the Sky,
To force down Pity from on high---
To force down Pity on her darling Child---
But all is Frenzy vain and wild---
CONVULSIONS ſeize each ſtarting Lim. b,
And maniac Pains and Torture grim;
Diſtortion runs along his Face,
And frights away each Cherub Grace,
The playful Eye and Dimple glad---
The Features are gone mad---
Cheeks diſform and rigid Brow,
Frightful Grins that Anguiſh ſhew;
Fixed Eyes that nothing ſee,
Bound in cruel Ecſtacy;
And vicious Jaws, refuſing Aid,
Confederates in Deſtruction made.---
See, how his little Body wreathes!
And hark! how hard he breaths.
Frantic Matron ceaſe thy Cries---
Death is the Victor, and thy Darling dies.

TIME, Death's primeſt Miniſter,
Looks on, and fain the Conflict would defer;
That, when his Round of Years were paſt,
The Conqueſt might be HIS at laſt.
Infidious Warrior!---grey headed Knave!
Thou ſlay'ſt Mankind with what they crave---
They aſk thee YEARS---that cruſh them to the Grave.
Ah! ſee---with nerveleſs Head and Hands,
That worn-out Wretch thy Purpoſe ſhews;
That like a crazy Manſion ſtands,
Nodding to every Wind that blows.
You bad the *Spring* and *Summer*'s laughing Sun,
And feſtive *Autumn* lead the Victim on;
But Summer, Spring and Autumn fled,
With *Winter* arm'd, you urge the Strife;
And throw the Hoar-froſt on his Head,
And chill the purple Stream of Life.
See---how Severity has pinch'd his Form
That hopeleſs looks, and bends beneath the Storm.
There---wither'd Cheeks (which Roſes bore)
And crawling Eye-brows hanging o'er;
And weary Eyes, before whole Ray
Things undiſtinguiſh'd melt away;
Nor Sound Admiſſion can obtain,
But beats upon his Ear in vain.
The Senſes felt the Ruin near,
And fled their ſtated Poſts for fear;
And Rebel Memory will not own
The Things her Pencil had ſet down;
And Reaſon from her Chambers fled,
And gaping Wonder come in Stead;
And faſed Wants that ſtill complain,
And wimp'ring Childhood o'er again.
So the proud Manſion Honour aſks of *Time*---
Time flings the reverend Aſpect on its Walls---
But eats with ranc'rous Tooth each Joint and Limb,
Till down the venerable Ruin falls.

Where'er you turn the pitying Eye,
Death's Emiſſaries ſtill are nigh;
That zealouſly perform their Truſt,
And give us to our Kindred Duſt.---
Struck with the leaden Hand of Fate,
The PARALYTIC drags his cumb'rous Weight.
Death is there with Life confin'd,
Hated Foes together join'd,
Till the final Stroke be paſt,
That proves *Death* Conqueror at laſt.

INTEMPERANCE too, with bloodſhot Eye,
Steals unperceiv'd upon the Throng;
And draws, beneath the Cloak of Joy,
Her murd'rous Train along.
The eager Croud catch at the tempting Bait,
But, 'ſtead of Joy, they ſwallow angry Fate.
Hence a thouſand mortal Miſchiefs come---
Hence the DROPSY, wanting Room;
FEVERS hence their Rage acquire;
Hence the GOUT's tormenting Fire;
And SURFEITS foul, that ſtill would take;
And LETHARGY, that will not wake.

Sent by th' affronted Will of Heaven,
Sometimes the dire CONTAGION's given;
That brings Diſmay and pale-ey'd Fear,
And ſpreads the vaſt Deſtruction far and near.
So when Winter 'gins to frown,
And trembling Leaves hang ſickly down,
A Northern Blaſt comes ſweeping round,
And the whole Foreſt withers on the Ground.

R. L.